

THIRTEEN

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— Nothing in this world's world stirs the popular heart with greater effect than the spectacle of Theodore Tilton hunting for a squirrel.

— When a young lady waves her handkerchief at a fellow, he generally concludes that he can call on that wave.

— Why is the occupation of hair dresser less healthy than it formerly is? — Because they dye more frequently than they used to do.

— What is the difference between Paris and a luxury chemicist? — One is in the Department of the Seine, the other of the insane.

— What is the difference between a fool and a looking-glass? — One speaks without reflecting, the other reflects without speaking.

— Why should authors write lengthy books? — Because their ideas, scattered in short tales, would appear in different (indifferent) stories.

— Why are ladies who have tightly had economists? — Because the increased consumption is out of all proportion to the diminished waste.

— What is the difference between the outer wall of a bridge and two nice young ladies? — The one is a parrot, and the other is a pair-of-pets, of course.

— Very stern parent indeed! — Come here, sir! What is this complaint the schoolmaster has made against you? Much injured youth! — It's just nothing at all. You see, Jimmy Hughes bent a pin, and I only just left it on the teacher's chair for him to look at, and he came in without his specs and sat right down on the pin and now he blames me for it!

— How would you feel, my dear, if we were to meet a wolf? asked an old lady of her little grandchild, with whom she was walking along a lonely country road. — Oh, grandmother, I should be so frightened! was the reply. — But I should stand in front of you and protect you, said the old lady. — Would you grannie? cried the child, clapping her hands with delight. — That would be nice! — While the wolf was eating you I would have time to run away.

— A man may forget his business, his family and all the sacred obligations of life, but he always remembers where he got that counterfeit bill.

— If you want to see a man struggling to do several things at once, just watch him trying to put on his overcoat and rubbers and yet keep his head bowed while the minister is pronouncing the benediction.

— A young lady, while out walking heard, for the first time, of her mother's intention to marry again, and she was obliged to sit right down and cry about it. She could not go a step farther.

— Wait till Theodore's mother-in-law gets on the stand! Did that young man say her mouth was like a gate? — It is a declaration of war, and there shall be such a war as that young man has not dreamed of thus far.

— Old Baron Rothschild gave a bonus to a charity fund, and the person receiving it said: — Ah, Monsieur Baron, you only gave a bonus, and your son gave five. And reason enough, said the baron; his father is a millionaire and I'm only a poor orphan.

— Do you want to kill the child? exclaimed a gentleman as he saw a Detroit boy tip the lady out of his carriage on the walk. — No, not quite, replied the boy. — But if I can get him to bawling mother will take care of him while I go and wade in the ditch with Johnny Bracer!

— Yes, sir, yelled a preacher in a Dakota church one Sunday morning, there's more lying, and swearing, and stealing, and general devilry to the square inch in this here town than all the rest of the American country, and then the congregation got up and dumped the preacher out of the window.

— The proportion of the married among the insane is smaller than that of the unmarried. — Undoubtedly. A man who has to scratch around and make a living for his wife and eleven children couldn't be insane if he wanted to. He hasn't the time.

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THE RUSSIAN HORSES.

The noblest breed of horses in Russia, says Appleton's Journal, is found among the Tcherkeses, a Caucasian tribe, of Great and Little Kachardah. Brought up in the wild steppe, amid dangers and night alarms, its apprehensive sagacity becomes early developed in a high degree. It is a fine animal, with a strong spine, powerful gait and thigh, and great width of shoulder and chest; the knees are broad, the hoof as formed of iron, head and neck tolerably light, everything seems combined to render them tractable, indefatigable servants to man. The Tchetchens, the most ferocious and determined brigands of the Caucasus (now fortify only in small numbers,) used to buy their horses in the Kachardah. They pick out the most promising year-olds, take them home, where they are, no to say, received into the bosom of the family. They receive their food when the latter sits down to a meal, and often sleep in the same room the young children will play with them talk to them, and crawl all day long over and about them; what wonder if the horse becomes almost as wise as its master! — The young boys will sometimes mount him and gallop over the prairies, but no adult thinks of bestroking him before he has finished his sixth year. His bones have then become firmly developed, his sinews and feet are steel, his wind is invincible. He knows his master's voice and looks, — yes, he has even some notion of his character. His nerves have from his birth been finely tuned to the sound of danger or mysterious enterprise. It knows where its brigand master is on an expedition of risk and unlawful daring. A whispered word sends him down into the high steppe-weed, or bushes situated near the road at a place where the latter is difficult, where a convenient ditch is at hand to receive a carriage and its human freight. In breathless silence both wait for what may turn up. The ears of the Tchetchenian Black Bess stily move to every waft of the light wind, and before the man can hear the slightest sound he sees by the demeanor of his steed that business will soon be at hand.

Hark! a faint sound of the postal bell fastened to the pole of the vehicle strikes his ear, he feels for his gun, his pistol his razor-edged sword, the large dagger, and breathlessly awaits the approach of the traveler. Not a single thought bestowing on the probable number or quality of the foe he stands over his horse, which slowly gathers his feet up beneath him. At last the moment for action has arrived. The carriage is just at the right distance from the ditch or other accidental difficulty of the road — a soft touch and horse and man are up. With the bound of a tiger the horse pounces upon the leaders, attacking them with hoof and teeth. Simultaneously the rider fires at the driver; and with terror, the post-horses have jumped of the road, precipitating the carriage in the hole, and before its inmates have time to feel for their revolvers, they are eased of at least part of their property and may thank God they have not broken neck or limb in the fall. Before they recover from their fright, the Tchetchen is already several miles on his gallop home. He has a sharp ride before him, and he as well as his cunning quadruped, knows it full well; for tomorrow there will be an inquiry about where Muhamet, Arsalan Bey, or Mossa, was that night. With a calm smile, our brigand friend replies to the Russian Grado-Natchalkin's questions.

Where should I have been but here? The robbery was committed near the Almanskay Stanitz, one hundred and fifty versts (eighty miles away) from here, and what? at nine o'clock, you say. Why I was here at twelve, as I can prove, and I could not ride that distance in three hours.

The officer, up to Tchetchen's tricks and anything but satisfied, turns to the steed to discover from her appearance the effects of so severe a ride; but the nag is quietly eating her corn, and looking as contented and playful as if he knew his master's safety depended on his brave bearing.

The most familiar objects about us are often the least understood, and probably few pause to ask the question, what is gone Arabic, and whence comes it? In Morocco, about the middle of November (that is, after the rainy season,) a gummy juice exudes spontaneously from the trunk and branches of the acacia. It gradually thickens in the frown down which it runs, and assumes the form of oval and round drops, about the size of pigeon's egg, of different colors, as it comes from the red or white gum tree. About the middle of December the Moors encamp on the borders of the forest, and the harvest lasts a full month. The gum is packed in large leather sacks, and transported on the backs of camels and bullocks to seaports for shipment. The harvest occasion is one of great rejoicing, and the people, for the time being, almost live on the gum, which is nutritious and fattening.

A man fell down in a fit recently, and a citizen ran down to a drayman to get the victim home. One of the draymen offered to go, but suddenly sat down, pulled out a copy of the *dryading*, and remarked: Just wait a minute. It comes under the head of *dryading* it will be only fifty cents, but if he comes under the head of household furniture I can make ten shillings.

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Certainly, said the teacher.

Well, then, said the little one, hesitatingly, do—do you love Mr. B.—?

The teacher collapsed.

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